MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR DAILY COMIC PAGE



UNCLE WIGGILY AND JOHNNIE'S PENCIL

UNCLE WIGGILY AND JOHNNIE'S PENCIL.

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Now do be careful, won't you, Uncle will be bunny rabbit gentlerpan started off one morning. "To be careful as you ride around in your auto, looking for adventures."

"I'll be as careful as I can, Nurse Janie, "Inswered Uncle Wiggily, as he hopped down the steps of his hollow stump bungalow. "But why are you so anxious ail of a sudden?"

"I'l don't know," replied Miss Fuzzy will be be late as school, with somehow or other, I feel as if symething would happen."

And homething did.

Uncle Wiggily went on and on, over the fields and through the woods in his automobile, which had a turnip for a sleering wheel, and puff-uffy sausages for tires. And, all at once as the rabbit gentleman was riding along very nicely, twinking his pink none and wendering what would happen, all at once he heard a loud hissing noise, and one he heard a loud hissing noise, and goe if my sausage tires, and let out all the air."

The sory leady pencil, Johnnie," and the roshool hunting for them, but things like sharp pencils are not good for auto tires.

"I'm sorry. Uncle Wiggily," chattered Johnnie. "I'm afraid I'm going to be late for school now. I was almost there when I missed my pencil, and I started Johnnie. "I'm afraid I'm going to be late for school now. I was almost the for the ind in his a left, and puff-uffy sausages for the submer of a sudden."

"Ho in my auto, Johnnie," and the you was very kind.

"So will have be careful as you have be late at school. Uncle Wiggily, who turned on the whiszleum-when the late."

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed the little squirel boy.

"I'm sorry. Uncle Wiggily." chattered Johnnie. "I'm afraid I'm going to the late for school now. I was nearly there when I missed my pencil, and I started Johnnie. "I'm afraid I'm going to for the last bell, and I'm not there."

Johnnie "I'm afraid I

Thore a snake han't bitter a hole in me of my sausage tires, and let out all the air.

He stopped as quickly as he could, hopped out of his mid. and looked at the wheels. Oh, dear: One of the tires was quite flat.

"There's a hole in it just as sure as have rheumatism:" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "But I don't see any snake that could have inten it."

"Ah, ha! That did the trick!" said the rabbit gentleman. "Some one dropped a sharp lead pencil, and, not seeing it, I ran over it. That punctured my tire."

Well, there was only one thing to do, and Uncle Wiggily di it. He got out of his machine and put one an evire without a hole. He pulled the pencil if his pocket. I mean he put the pencil in his pocket, not the auto tire, of course.

"Mayba, I'll find a use for the pencil, thought the rabbit gentleman, as he sharpened a new point on it. Then, with the new tire on his auto, away he rode again, over the fields and through the woods.

Pretty soon he saw, scrambling toward him, Johnnie Bushytali, the little squirrel boy. Johnnie was looking at the ground as he ran along, and he hardy saw Uncle Wiggily in the auto. But the rabbit gentleman called and aked:

"What's the matter, Johnnie? Have you lost something on your way to school?"

"Oh, yes! I dropped my nice, new, sharp-pointed lead pencil, Uncle Wiggily, souse, and soon Johnay make the squirrel boy. "Johnle was looking at the ground as he ran along, and he hardy saw Uncle Wiggily in the auto. But the rabbit gentleman called and aked:

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"Oh, yes! I dropped my nice, new, sharp-pointed lead pencil, Uncle Wiggily's souse, and soon Johnay happen to, find it?"

"Oh happen to, find it?"

"I did happen to, much to my sorrow," replied Mr. Longears, with an extra twinkle of his pink nose. "Here

WHO'S TO BLAME

ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON

hardest pain Fate has for a mother's heart is when first she learns she may not bear the pain of her child.

Bringing Up Father-By George McManus

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LITTLE MARY MIXUP-Might Tell the Collector to Go to Thunder!



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Wonder If He'll Believe Luke!



JOE'S CAR-Joe Certainly Gummed Things for Joe This Time!











We told the butler to be very careful about opening packages that came to the house for us. That was several days ago, when bombs were being sent to all the

Then we sat down near our office phone and waited. He was to phone us as soon as any package arrived—any package whatsoever.

We are still waiting. No package of any description has arrived. right perspective on himself.

If somebody would only send a package of old shoes or a box of garden tools or something. It is most embarrassing.

SCANDAL.

Prof. Benjamin Snow, Of the University of Wisconsin, says That scandal travels 1,000 yards a second. Flattery travels 500 yards a second. Truth is the slowest, traveling Only about two yards a second. Perhaps that explains the news We have been receiving from The vicinity of Paris. If the professor's figures are correct, how long will it take For the truth to get here? Quick, Watson, the adding machine!

Cuba, according to consular report, buys most of her paint in this country. But she will soon have to buy her nose paint somewhere else. ne gentleman is our neighborhood is such an excellent explainer

OH, PROMISE ME! (A Returned Soldier's Plaint.) Oh, promise me-oh, do not say me nay! I'm growing thinner with each passing day; Around my eyes great rings do now appear; I'm paler, poorer than I was last year;

that his wife calls him Houdini. He can get out of anything.

Please do not leave me out—don't turn me down—I only ask the job back that's my own, The job I sacrificed for Liberty; Oh, promise me-oh, promise me -Walter Pulitzer.

Once for all we answer the mooted question: "No, 'married-lifer is not a term applied to a person who is sentenced to matrimony for life, but a term applied to a sob-sister who writes married life stories."



NOT A block away. IN A basement place. LIVED AN old blind man. AND EVERY day. THERE CAME to him. A WELL-DRESSED boy. WHO LED him away. TO WHEREVER he went. AND I presumed, THAT HE hired the boy. UNTIL ONE day. 4 TALKED with him AND THE old man said, THAT THE boy had come OF HIS own accord. AND HAD offered his time AND HAD offered his hand, AS A guiding mark,

AND TALKED with him. AND HE said to me. THAT HIS Boy Scout pledge. HAD REQUIRED of him. A KINDLY act. ON EVERY day. AND HE kept his pledge. BY BEING the eyes. OF THE old blind man. ON THE way to the work. THAT THE blind man did. AND THIS all happened. SOME YEARS ago. AND THE boy grew up. AND I knew him well. AND I know him now AS A fine young man,

TO HELP someone. AND TODAY in my mail. THERE COMES a request. THAT I write some lines. FOR BOY Scout week. TO HELP them along. IN THE task they've set. TO ADD to their lists. A MILLION names. OF GROWN-UP folk. AND 80 I have written. AND PLL send my name AND THE name of my wife. AND A two-follar bill. FOR OUR memberships. AND AFTER that. NO MATTER what happens. WE'LL HAVE to remember. ON EVERY day. THAT THE Boy Scout pledge REQUIRES OF us. THAT WE do what we may TO HELP other folk, PASS THE rougher spots. ON THE self-same road THAT WE all must go. TILL WE get to the gate. WHERE THEY'LL sort us out.

IF THERE be some act.

THAT HE may do.

AND THERE'LL be no fear. THAT ST. Peter will fail. TO PICK out the Scouts. AND LET them through.
FOR AFTER their names. THERE'LL BE clear white marks. FOR THE good they've done. I THANK you.

benefic aspect, but Saturn has evil power.

There seems to be the best of promise for all who belong to military organizations.

The army is well directed and American foldiers should attain freedom and honor under this government of the stars.

While whatever is connected with war is subject to the best direction, fasturn seems to portend much scandal. The secretary of war comes under accomplishment of trans-sea airplane flight to Europe.

His contribution to the service as radio operator on the NC-4. He assisted in the development of the radio compass or direction finder used on all the NC planes.

By wireless comcommunication with ships the direction finder weeps the plane from drifting.

Surgeons, engineers and architects

HOROSCOPE

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1919. (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure News paper Syndicate.) Mars rules strongly for good today, according to astrology. The sun is in benefic aspect, but Saturn has evil

John xii., 32.

Oh! strength that could restrain strength, I bow myself before Thee. I see Thee lifted up, not from Thy can be there if the up, not from Thy the humiliation, but by Thy humiliation. Thy cross hash crowned Thee. Thy gentleness made Thee great. The thorns that wreathe Thy brow have become a laurel wreath, green with the reviving hope of myriad human hearts. Thou art wearing our thorn. Thou art sharing our cross, and in the joys of our frailty made Divine, our souls rise to the thorns that wreather the uplifted in the majesty of death.—George Matheson.

I bray Thee, O Lord, to deliver me from the fear of death; and when mine the see Thee standing to welcome me, and may I receive Thy west-done.—F. B. Meyer.

Dayton, Ohio.

finder keeps the plane from drifting out of its course. It enabled the NC-t it enabled

Just a Moment

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER. Compiled by John G. Quinius, the Sunshine Man.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the

John xii., 32.